The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE. {Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.}

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Coming.

So I am watching quietly
Every day!
Whenever the sun shines brightly
I rise and say,
Surely it is the shining of His face!
And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.

And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door—and ask
If He is come;
And an angel answers sweetly
In my home,
"Only a few more shadows
And he will come!"

—*Rev. Wm. Aikman, D.D.*

The Shower.

Here a drop, and there a drop:
"Is something spilling over?"
And the little prinking pink sweet pea
Tried to get under cover.

Here a drop and there a drop—
Ha, what a dash of water!
"How did the sea come up in the sky?"
Said the pansy's little daughter.

Rivers and rills come pouring down;
The pinks, with tangled tresses,
Beg the stately phlox to try
And save their new silk dresses.

But dear old Grandma Hollyhock,
Shaking her cap, said: "Maybe
These young ones will be wise some time—
What *can* you expect of a baby?

"Why, darlings, tis only a shower of rain,
We never think of a cover;
And the harder it rains the surer you are
To grow when it is over."—*Sel.*

How Success Was Won.

IF you had been walking about the narrow, crooked streets of Boston over a hundred and sixty years ago, you might have come across the workshop of a candle and soap maker. And had you peeped within the door of this humble house, you might have seen, dipping the wicks in and out of the tallow, a young lad with a very discontented look on his face. He did not like to do this work; he wanted to go to school. But his father was poor, and he had a large family to provide for; so Benjamin, as this lad was called, had to do his share toward earning a living.

As the days and weeks went by, Ben grew more and more uneasy, and dissatisfied with his work, until his father was seriously afraid he would run away to sea, as one of his brothers had done. Noticing the boy's fondness for books, his father thought the printer's trade would be best suited to his taste; and he accordingly made arrangements with Ben's brother James to take him into his office and teach him the trade. Ben was to work for him nine years, or until he was twenty-one, and during the last year he was to have pay for what he did. He liked the trade, and soon became a good workman. But he found it as hard work as ever to get books to read; for he had no money to buy with. At last he persuaded his brother to give him half the money he paid for his board; and he managed to board himself comfortably on half of what his brother gave him, spending the rest for books. As he says himself: "I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing house to their meals, I remained there alone, and dispatching presently my light repast (which was

often no more than a biscuit, or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry cook's, and a glass of water), in which I made greater progress from that greater clearness of head, and quicker apprehension, which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking."

But Ben had a hard master in his brother, who was a hasty, passionate man, and often beat him soundly when he displeased him. Ben did not receive such treatment very pleasantly. By and by they had an open quarrel; whereupon he left his brother and went to Philadelphia, which was to be his home for the rest of his life. You no doubt remember of reading how, poor, friendless, and homeless, he wandered through the streets of the city, eating a roll that he had just bought at a bakery. He must have presented a ludicrous appearance, with his pockets stuffed out with soiled clothes, and a roll of bread under each arm. But those who were so ready to laugh at him then, were glad to pay him all respect in later years.

Ben, or Franklin as he was now called, soon found a place to work; and by his steady, industrious habits and studious turn of mind, made a good reputation. In about seven years he was able to run a printing house on his own account, and from that time forward his life was one of continued success.

But there is hardly room to tell you of all the honors that he enjoyed in the latter part of his life, and of all the projects he set afoot for the benefit of the people. He was the first to organize a fire company in Philadelphia. He made many experiments in science, and discovered the similarity between lightning and electricity by his famous experiment with the kite in a thunderstorm. The knowledge that he gained through this experiment he turned to practical account in the invention of the lightning-rod.

His wise counsel and sound judgment were much valued, and led the people to elect him a member of the General Assembly. In later years he visited England and France, where he did very effective service for the American colonies.

You may like to know by what means a lad of poor and obscure parentage was enabled to gain such success. Outside of his natural abilities, which were of great advantage to him, I think the key-note may be found in this passage of scripture, which the father so frequently quoted to him when a boy: "Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." "The industry of that Franklin," said an old townsman, "is superior to anything I ever saw of the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed." And Franklin himself says: "I considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction: though I did not think I should ever literally stand before kings, which, however, has since happened; for I have stood before *five*, and even had the honor of sitting down with one, the king of Denmark, to dinner." And again, "I have always thought that one man of tolerable abilities, may work great changes, and accomplish great affairs among mankind, if he first forms a good plan; and cutting off all amusements or other employments that would divert his attention, makes the execution of that same plan his sole study and business.—*Youth's Instructor.*

A Five Thousand Dollar Dog.

A sleek-coated St. Bernard mastiff stood upon his hind legs against the desk of the Thirtieth street station and barked "How d'ye do?" to Captain Williams, on Monday afternoon. The dog as he stood, was exactly as tall as Policeman Kerman, who is nearly six feet high. Policeman Kerman said he brought the dog from Thirty-third street and Seventh avenue because he couldn't find its owner. Half an hour later, Professor Echtler, a German sculptor, rushed into the station, and in great excitement hugged the dog around the neck and talked to him in German. "The dog is mine!" the professor cried. "He is worth $5000. He's got a gold medal from the Berlin Humane Society for saving twenty-five lives," The dog and the professor went around to the flat together. The dog put up its paw and rang the janitor's bell. When the janitor pulled the door-catch the dog pushed the door open with his nose and bounded up stairs and stood at the door. The professor proudly showed the big gold medal and the certificate of the Humane Society. It attested that the dog rescued twenty-five people who were upset some years ago from a little pleasure-steamer on the Rhine.—*New York Sun.*

EVERY year of our lives we grow more convinced that it is the wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and the good, and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false.

What's the Difference?

"It's rotten clear through: it won't bear us," said Joe, surveying with an unbelieving look the mossy tree that had fallen across the brook at some unknown date.

"Why, of course it will," insisted Tom. "It's a regular old giant. I'll risk myself on it, anyhow."

Neither of the boys could swim, and they were in the middle of the dark wood in company with the old farmer with whom they boarded. They had come trouting; but the farmer was revolving in his mind some doctrinal thoughts called forth by a late neighborly discussion.

"There is a good bridge above here," said Joe.

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Tom; "Come on!"

Joe looked at the farmer. "Going over by that tree, sir, or round by the bridge?"

"Well," said the farmer, "they say it does not make any difference what you believe, if you are only sincere about it. Tom thinks the tree is safe, and you don't. There's the difference. We ain't all constituted alike. We must have different beliefs for different people. If each one is only honest and sincere in his belief, it don't make any difference."

The boys looked at him as though they thought he was crazy.

"Constituted!" echoed Joe; "what's constitution got to do with it? Tom might believe that tree was a carriage road, and it would not make it so. If it isn't safe, Tom's thinking it is won't make it so, will it, Mr. Bright?"

A twinkle came into Mr. Bright's eye.

"Certainly, certainly, Joe. If he is only honest and sincere, that is all that is necessary. God is too good to let Tom suffer any harm, anyway."

"Well, Mr. Bright," said Tom, "I don't know what you mean; but if I didn't believe that tree was safe to cross on, I wouldn't do it, of course. I'm willing to take my chances."

"All right," said Mr. Bright. "If you go over safely, Joe and I will follow."

Tom turned toward the brook, and farmer Bright, throwing off his coat, said in a quick undertone to Joe, "Keep still! You can't swim, but I can."

Tom sprang quickly on to the tree, and with such force that he hardly knew his first step had snapped the bark which wrapped the fallen monarch. Fair and perfect in strength as it looked to Tom, it was held in shape only by its bark; and his second step was a headlong plunge through the crumbling mass into the brook.

Mr. Bright was not long in helping him, dripping, on shore.

"Much obliged to you for trying the bridge for me, Tom," said Joe, mischievously. "I'll take a ducking for you some day."

"Now, Tom," said Mr. Bright, "I suppose you would like some dry clothes; but Joe is out for a good time, and we don't want to spoil it. Let's just believe our clothes are dry, and it will all be the same."

"O Mr. Bright," said Tom, with a shivery laugh, "I honestly believed that tree would hold. Why didn't you tell me it wouldn't? I am wet to the skin, and I am going home."

"Never mind me, Mr. Bright," said Joe. "You and Tom have scared the trout off for one day. It's no use fishing now."

"Well, boys," said Mr. Bright, "always remember that sincerity doesn't save a man; he may be honest, and yet be in the wrong. Be very careful to find out whether what you believe is right or not, and stand by the right."

Then they took the shortest cut home, crossing the brook by the legitimate bridge.—*American Messenger.*

Playing on the Street.

When I was a boy, my father moved to a nice house on the outskirts of the city. The neighbors were good ones, and I had a plenty of play mates.

One evening, just after dark, we were running races, the other boys and I, up and down the sidewalk. After awhile father came to the door, and called: "Come in, my son!"

When I went in, he told me that I must not be out on the street at all after sunset.

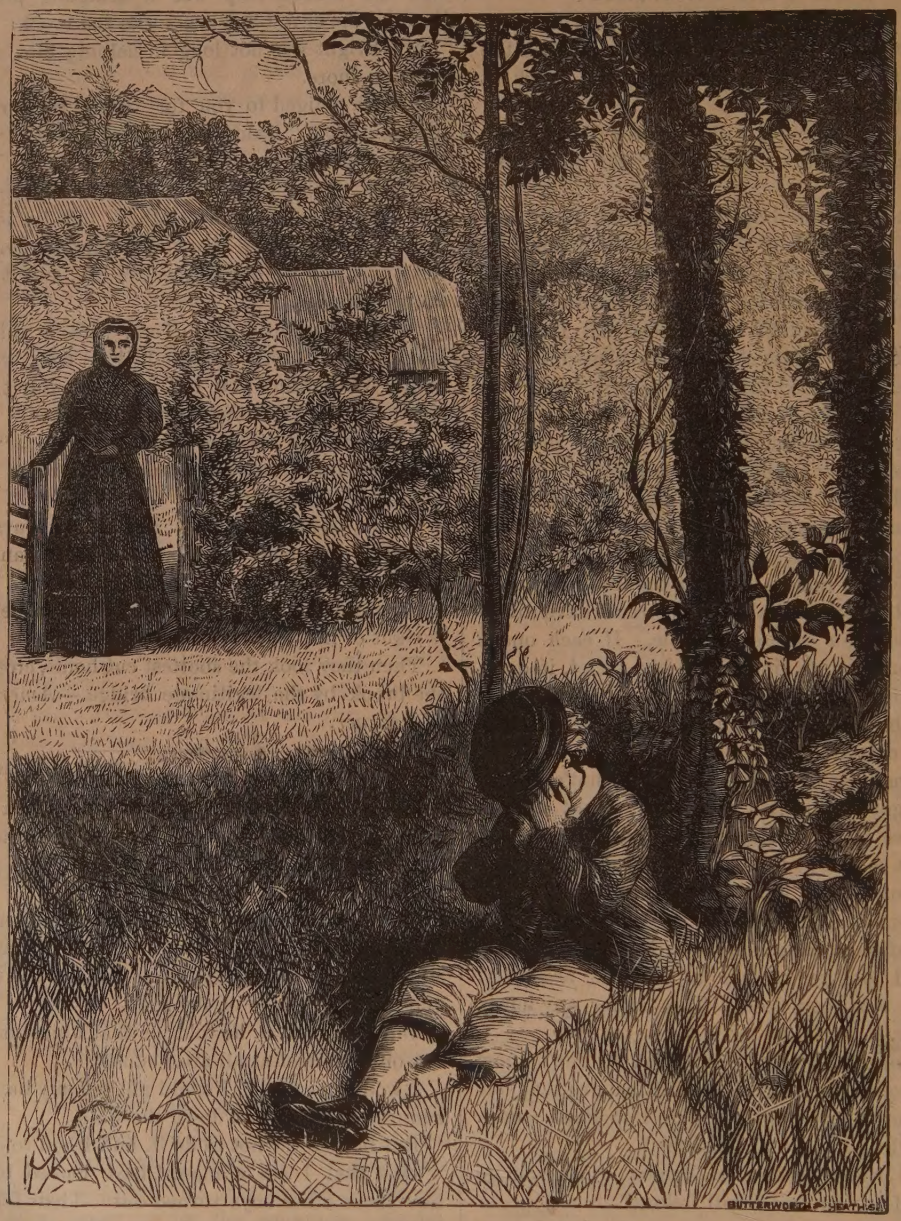
I wondered why. I could not see any harm in running races up and down the walk.

But he told me not to do it, and I had to obey.

Now that I am a man, I have looked to see how those other boys turned out. Their fathers let them spend the evening on the street, and nearly all of them became bad boys and brought sorrow to their parents.

Boys the place for you after sunset is at home.

PEACE shall come in the day which is known unto the Lord; and it shall be neither day nor night such as now is, but everlasting light, infinite brightness, steadfast peace and secure rest.



For the Myrtle.

Strength from Misfortune.

WE never know how great a blessing may come to us through a sorrow.

When Melvin Cass was first told by his mother that their little fortune had all been lost by the failure of a business house in the city, he was utterly unreconciled to it.

He and his mother had lived in the country, where there were but few opportunities for education, and Melvin had been promised that he should go to the city for his preparatory course, and thence to Harvard College, and afterward to three years of European travel.

Do you wonder that his heart seemed nearly

broken, when all these fine dreams suddenly vanished, with the vanished fortune.

This calamity came to him some years ago, and out of the very pressure of it was developed a strength of character in Melvin which he would never otherwise have possessed.

After his first out-burst of grief, he rose to meet the necessity, and by his very own exertions he became an educated man, and took his place among the workers of the world, thoroughly fitted for the work he had chosen to do.

He sees, himself, how much strength he gained by adversity, and will tell you any day that you ask him for the secret of his success "It grew out of what" seemed at first a crushing calamity. E. M. B.

The Lost Squirrel.

In Ledstone Peak near Ferry Bridge, London, a squirrel was caught, and for safe keeping put in a large trap used for taking rats alive. Here the little squirrel remained captive for several weeks. It was rather confining quarters, and he thought of his freedom and how he should accomplish it. Finally he made his escape through a small opening, and started for his native fields. The family greatly missed their amusing pet, and the servant was told that very evening to put the trap out of sight, as it too sadly reminded of the lost squirrel. On going to discharge his duty, great was his surprise to find that the squirrel, all wet and ruffled by the storm, had resumed his station, and again taken up his lodging in a corner of the trap.

Here you see that evidently not finding his old companions, getting wet, and feeling forlorn, the little creature, in remembrance of the kindness he had received in his old quarters, came voluntarily back to his prison home. Is not this a proof that animals can appreciate good care and feel the difference between kindness and unkindness? Our heavenly Father has given them instincts which we should respect the same as we would have our own feelings considered by others.

For the Mrytle.

Easter Lilies.

As God has provided
His sunshine and rain,
The Lilies of Easter
Have blossomed again.

They have bloomed through the years
Since the first golden ray,
Threw light on the dark
Of earth's desolate day.

And the Christ whose calm sunshine
Then came to the earth,
Has watched o'er the lilies
Till now, from their birth.

Sweet symbols of morning,
How much they have given,
Of hope to earth's pilgrims
Who struggle toward heaven.

Thus saying forever,
No grave shall imprison,
A soul, since our Master
Was dead, and is risen. E. M. B.

The Wreck.

My story begins with one night when there was a storm at sea. The waves ran "mountains high," and the wind came roaring ashore with such force that it nearly blew a coast-guardsman off his feet, as he stood on the "lookout" on Sandgate beach. What a dirty night it was! and how the spray did sting. Woe betide the gallant ships sailing too near the Goodwin Sands round the other side of the cliffs, for the wind was blowing right in shore! No need to talk of Goodwin Sands, for here were a ship's lights coming perilously near his own beach. The sailor took another look through his night-glass, and shook his head. Something was wrong about that ship's lights! Yes, for sure she was out of her track!

It was time for him to be stirring, and call up the men at the station. From the canvas bag at his side he takes his "blue light;" in a moment more it is ignited, and all is astir at the station. Soon lights wave along the shore from hurrying lanterns, and congregate round the life-boat house. You have often seen one, I daresay, with the boat lying quietly inside, and the inscription over the door, "Supported by voluntary contributions;" indeed, for all I know, you may be members of the Royal National Lifeboat Society.

All is now animation; quick calls and cheery answers from the lifeboat's crew fast assembling. Boom!—comes the first solemn gun from the ship. Ah! they are alive to their danger now on board; indeed, the ship is drifting fast on to the beach, and in this sea will soon go to pieces. There!—the lifeboat is afloat! How quick they have been! God speed her! Now she approaches the ship; now she is alongside. Hurrah!

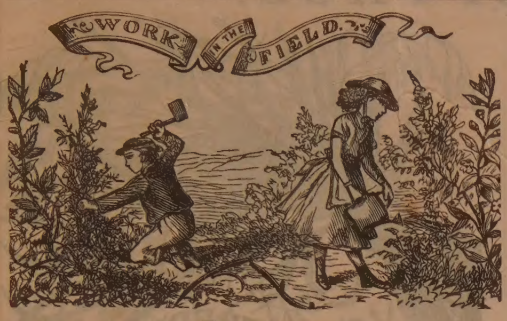
But see!—the ship is aground; the waves dash over her; she rolls from side to side; her hold is full of casks which batter her poor sides. Still there is the lifeboat! Oh! what a sea! Crash!—those were the oars. Bang!—that's the lurching ship. Another crash—that's the lifeboat. She is disabled, oarless, useless! She must make for Folkestone Harbor, and leave the poor wreck to her fate in the storm. Alas! is there no help?

Must those fifty terror-stricken sailors, a stewardess, and six passengers, all perish in sight of land, on that very beach where the little children play so merrily in the summer-time? No; all hope is not gone, for away along the beach is another little house, and in it stands a large cart ready filled with ropes and a queer kind of gear, and horses harnessed ready to hand. With the lifeboat's danger, a cry has gone out for "The Rocket!" Swift feet run, some for the horses, others for the wagon, and down come our friends the coast-guardsmen. Crack goes the whip, forward dash the horses, and away goes the crowd to the scene of action. Very soon all is in readiness; then the tube is pointed; the captain stands in his place; a sharp word of command; a lighted match, and whish-h!—the solemn red light flies from the tube; up, up, with its long line attached, like a great fiery serpent curling away into the night. Dead silence! "Failed," says the captain. Whish-h!—up goes another; this time it must have struck the wreck. A faint cheer comes over the water, and the line commences to tighten. This is the signal for the rocket crew to fasten the necessary life-saving apparatus to it, and soon they feel it being hauled on board. Next, a lantern waved from the ship signals that the rope is fast, and willing hands on shore begin to haul away at the hawser. Another light from the ship; this time it tells that the first of the crew has started on his perilous journey in the "breeches buoy," and is being dragged along the rope; and soon, from out the darkness, the pioneer of the fifty-six shipwrecked souls is landed from the wreck of the good ship *Plassy.—Sel.*

Fidelity as an Appearance.

The late Deacon Daniel Safford, of Boston, was a successful mechanic. Beginning life as a blacksmith, he conferred honor on his trade by his high character, his thorough work, and his large business enterprises. He built up an extensive business, and accumulated a fortune, which was liberally used for benevolent objects. One secret of his success was his uniform fidelity, never slighting any work, but finishing everything that passed through his hands in the best manner possible.

When he was an apprentice, he made this record in his journal: "Resolved to do work for my employer as faithfully as if I were doing everything for myself." Many clerks and apprentices make a great mistake in slighting their work when it is not subject to careful inspection. They draw a broad distinction between their own interests and the interests of their employers, and try to go on as easily as possible for themselves. Such young men rarely succeed in life, and they do not deserve to succeed.—*Sel.*



Sermon.

Have we not all one Father? hath not one God created us?—*Malachi* ii. 10.

"When our minister rose in his pulpit this morning there was an unusually lovely smile on his lips, and he said:"

"Dear friends, my heart is overflowing to-day with the thought of Gods great impartial love which is brooding over this world.

I think of Him as the God of the aged, and the God of the young: the God of the rich and the God of the poor: the God of the innocent, and also the God of the sinner: the God of those who love Him and strive to cleave to Him, and also the God of those who wander afar off.

Oh my dear hearers there is no where on this whole earth a creature left without His love and care."

I wish you could all have seen our minister's face as he said these words. It really seemed to me as if it was illuminated.

The light of his countenance was really more impressive even, than the words which fell from his lips. I am sure I shall never forget the feeling that I had as I looked at him."

"But tell us Lucy what he preached abont."

"Haven't I already told you? The sermon, from beginning to end, was all about God as our Father, and not ours only but also as the Father of all the people in the world. The Father of all that are now on the earth, of all who have ever lived, and of all who shall ever live in the time to come.

He said that this one truth, if it could be really believed, and take hold on the hearts of people, would make them all wish to be good, and to love Him in return.

What had brought to his mind the desire to preach this sermon, he said, was reading a poem which he found in the *London Christian World* and he read the poem to us just as I shall read it now to you.

EVERY ONE OF YOU.

You are not lost in the crowd,
The Father's love is for each:
Not one is so far away
But his hands of blessing reach.
For the heart of God is so large,
And his mercy so very free,
That no one has need to ask—
"Is this kindness indeed for me?"

So, whenever the skies are fair,
And the day is bright and long,
And the gardens are gay with flowers,
And the woodland glad with song,
Let not thy heart be sad,
Nor thine own voice silent be,
For the beauty and joy of the time
Is for all the world, and for thee.

When thine eyes on the holy page
Of the Father's word shall see
The wonderful promises there,
Be sure they are all for thee.
The guiding, providing hand,
The safety, the peace divine,
The pardon and deathless love,
O child of God are thine.

The Father forgetteth none,
Though many his children be,
Not one can be overlooked,
Be sure that his smile is for thee.
The poorest is dear to him,
He hears when the little ones call,
And at last, when the home is reached,
You shall find there is room for all.

But to every one of you
The cross has been also given,
Some care, some pain, to endure,
Some work to be done for heaven.
O rise to the Lord's demands,
His blessings are ever free,
But for service, and love, and trust,
The Father has need of thee.

Our Sunday Schools.

WISCONSIN.

Our Sunday school at Meriden prospers. On a recent Sunday the attendance was the largest that it has ever been.

NEW YORK.

The Sunday school at Poolville is in a flourishing condition.

At Hubbardsville they will soon reopen their Sunday school.

OHIO.

At Eldorado out of a population of four hundred, from eighty to one hundred and twenty gather every Sunday in the Universalist Sunday school.

This good word reaches us from our Sunday school in Attica. "We were never in better condition, than at present. We are increesing in number and interest also."

RHODE ISLAND.

At Valley Falls during the year just ended twenty-four members of the Sunday school have united with the church. This is nearly one fourth of the school.

ILLINOIS.

The Church of the Redeemer has unusual prosperity in its Sunday school. It gained 75 members last month.

INDIANA.

In Bluffton the most encouraging thing is the Sunday school, increasing in the last month per average attendance from 50 to 70.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

289.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 44 letters.
My 2, 41, 8, 39 is not fat.
My 37, 33, 38, 43, 13 is a girl's name.
My 38, 43, 13 is frozen water.
My 31, 39, 39, 18, 10 is a girl's name.
My 38, 7, 37 is a girl's name.
My 5, 31, 19, 3 is out of danger.
My 5, 31, 42, 8, 26 is a girl's name.
My 19, 32, 23, 16, 8 is a girl's name.
My 14, 37, 24, 44 is a girl's nrme.
My 3, 2, 18, 4, 8, 1, 15, 11, 12 is a girl's name.
My 29, 30, 31, 9, 6 is to divide.
My 22, 21, 34, 42, 3, 39, 17, 27 is a girl's name.
My 35, 20, 25, 36, 3, 24 is eaten on bread.
My 40, 28 is a pronoun.
My whole is in the Bible. *Bess and Beth.*

290.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

B—k—n—i—a—l—o—s—y—r—o.

Ethol Brown.

291.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 2, 17, 31 is a barn fowl.
My 13, 8, 4, 24 is an elevation of land.
My 5, 18, 3 comes from the mine.
My 1, 14, 23 is a kind of drink.
My 28, 20, 26 is a metal.
My 7, 20, 6, 32 comes from the ground.
My 10, 8, 25, 4, 11 is a girl's name.
My 18, 5, 29 is what we do in a boat.
My 12, 30, 20, 24 is part of a boat.
My 15, 27, 15 is what we do with corn.
Hy 9, 23, 6, 30, 22 is a girl's name.
My 19, 18, 14, 21, 12 is a ladies garment.
My 16, 30, 1 is worn on the head.
My whole is in the Bible. *Hattie L. Gould.*

292.—ANAGRAM.

Lesbsde rae eht rpue ni ahter. *Mary S. Collar.*

293.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant. A bad drink. What we wear in winter Something we all do. A consonant.

Clara Churchill.

294.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

A—d—e—u—a—s—e—i—g—a—t—u—t—t—e—h—v—f—i—h—n—o—. *Eugene Carrier.*

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a miser like a man with a short memory?
Because he is always forgetting (for getting).

Why is a good wife worth five shillings?
Because she is a "*crown* to her husband."

284.—ENIGMA.

The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want.

285.—ANAGRAM.

Kind words can never die.

286.—ENIGMA.

A soft answer turneth away wrath but grievous words stir up anger.

287.—ENIGMA.

Let brotherly love continue.

288.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

V
M A N
M E R R Y
V A R I E T Y
W H E A T
A T E
Y

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